she was leaking forward to the time when she would be able to give tip teaching and devote herself entirely to a literary career. I wondered, and said I was never sure whether absolute freedom in such a matter *was* desirable. Perhaps Charles Lamb was aH the better for being a slave to the desk for so many years.

" Ah, but then, Charles Lamb wrote so little ! " was the remarkable answer.

Taylor did not write " so little." He wrote perhaps too much, and I think his heart was too strong for his brain. He was far too simple and lovable a being to be great. The atmosphere of gaiety which pervaded Lavender Sweep arose from his generous, kindly nature, which insisted that it was possible for every one to have a good time.

Once, when we were rushing to catch a train with him, Kate hanging on to one arm and I on to the other, we all three fell down the station steps. " Now, then, none of your jokes ! " said a cross man behind us, who seemed to attribute our descent to rowdyism. Taylor stood up with his soft felt hat bashed over one eye, his spectacles broken, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed !

Lavender Sweep was a sort of house of call for every one of note. Mazzini stayed there some time, and Steele Mackaye, the American actor who played that odd version of "Hamlet" at the Crystal Palace with Polly as Ophelia. Perhaps a man with more acute literary conscience than Taylor would not have condescended to "write up" Shakespeare; perhaps a man of more independence and

ambition would not have wasted his really fine accomplishment as a playwright for ever on adaptations. That was his weakness—if it was a weakness. He lived entirely for his age, and so \vas more prominent in it than Charles Reade, for instance, whose name, no doubt, will live longer.